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Obscurity



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Chapter 1 by Gounaitory

"What do you choose?"

He was a tall man wearing grey pants and the snow white shirt. The room made me to feel myself very comfortable: small sofas around, soft chairs, and a table with all of his documents on it. "Doctor Simmons" there was a writing on a special little board, which was also in his table. Doctor Simmons was watching through the window.

"Soo.." I started, "maybe the honesty"

Then he turned to me and smiled very gividly. "You wanna say that honesty is more important than kindness?"

"I.." i was feeling confused because he was looking directly into my eyes

"What if your honesty can blow out the kindness?" he raised his brow and smiled more acidly

Chapter 2 by JP Adams



I glanced at my watch, then back up at the Doctor. "Honestly", I said with a sigh, "my time is getting short." Then I reached into my pocket and pulled out the small .38 caliber I used for quick work. "And so is your's, doctor".

The impact hit my shoulder again, which brought me to my feet. This time the same, everything I conveyed something completely different.

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Finally off balance for once, I fell onto the floor.

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"Kindness?" I said. "I thought we were talking about honesty."

"Yes....", he drew the word out, trying to buy time. "Honesty verses kindness. If being too honest would be unkind. And shooting somebody over something that happened years ago..... That would be unkind." He placed his notes back in the folder slowly, never taking his eyes off me.

"Well, well doctor....I thought you didn't recognize me. Lying is also unkind".

Chapter 3 by



"What are you talking about?" he replied

"It didn't happen years ago doc. It happened very recently." I replied with a cool smile. *This going to very very satisfying*

"What are you talking about?" he repeated. He shifted in his seat. His eyes were ignited by his intense fear.

"My friend was hurt in a very bad accident. Mostly because he was not treated correctly for his disorder. He suffered a terrible fate. But that is not the only reason I am here."

"Then why are you here?" he asked pleadingly.

"Because you have something I need. Actually two things. And you are going to give them to me."

"What? What do you need?!" he asked slamming his hand on the table.

"I need all of my records. Everything."

He looked at me strangely then went shuffling through his desk and pulled out files, folders, and papers. The items stacked higher and higher, disorganizing the otherwise organized desk. Eventually, he stopped and put the papers in a nice orderly pile. He looked at me.

"What's next?"

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He slowly stood and pulled a green buttoned leather jacket over his shoulders. He walked toward the fireplace and cracked his knuckles. He took a deep breath and lit a cigarette. He pulled a cheap lighter out of my pocket and threw it in. The papers started to crumble and burn.

"What is next?" he asked again.

"Ah right. I'm going to need that new concoction you were given. What was it called? Psy-chaos? Whatever. I want it."

He looked at me with genuine surprise. He stood and walked towards a safe. He entered the code and took out a bag. He placed it on the table and slid it over to me.

"Thank you." I grabbed the bag and started to leave when he said something that would haunt me forever.

"But sir, our session is not over!"

I turned around to see him holding a pile of powder and when I looked at him he threw right into my face. I went into a coughing fit trying to wipe the powder off my face. It was too late though. The effects had set in and the room started to shift. The chairs and sofas floated above the ground and I saw Dr. Simmons. Or was it someone else. What was going on? Was it a hospital doctor? The Room caught fire but then was covered in dirt. What was happening?

I felt myself fall and slam the ground. And the Room faded away to nothing.

I awoke back at the start of the session. No not the start. The ending. The question. How am I back here?

"What do you choose?"

I looked at the doctor. He was wearing the same clothing except he wasn't the same person. It was a different man. No not a man, a woman. Was it the same reality? No, it couldn't be I came and there was a man. A man or a woman? Wait no there was a woman. But the guy threw drugs. But she before asked me to imagine something. What is going on? Why am I here? What just happened. No there was a man he threw the drugs at, me. Or did he? What is happening?

Men

Woman

Human

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Lawyer

Drugs

Thoughts

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Insanity

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